

1 CLARA IN THE BATHROOM

1 *

A single fixed shot.

Clara laying on the bathroom floor. A dirty crappy bathroom. There are blood smudges everywhere. Her makeup is all soiled. She stares into nothing. And bit by bit starts laughing hysterical. Yelling laughing. She loves cheating death. Over and over again.

2 EXT BAR HER GIRLFRIEND

2

Emory in front of the bar, smokes the last puffs of the cigarette and goes in the gate of the courtyard.

She is tired and is the last thing she wants to do is to go in and clan after her friends abuse and extremities. All day long, a day filled with menstrual pain and numbing pills, she wanted to be at home doing nothing, just the small routine of cleaning and feeding the cat, and then put a little whiskey in her favorite set of glasses that she bought for herself 3 years ago for Christmas and watch some TV show that she already saw, like meeting some old friends and hearing their all too well known life stories.

But she received Clara's phonecall, again at the end of her rope and she had to help because of the guilt trip she imposed on herself since her boyfriend died 3 years ago. She never wanted to feel guilty again, the least of all by hearing that Clara is dead just because she was too lazy to go and talk to her.

3 IN THE BATHROOM CONTINUED

3

Emory enters the bathroom and helps Clara wash. Clara is dizzy and tired. She helps Clara going down the stairs to the bar, where they sit at a big communal table in a corner. [Jesus last supper, corners action see for some metaphors]

She is already washed up, but only a fast cleaning, the marks we can still see. The same soaked dirty clothes.

4 CLARA AT THE BAR

4

Clara has a sore throat. Her throat bothers her. She is at a dirty table with her friend Emory. Emory has a red bracelet at her hand and Clara's hand up her **arm is totally black.**

Clara already drank a lot. She takes a sip from a beer bottle. She is already drunk, if maybe this is her normal state of being; always drunk.

CLARA

I don't want to enter in their dream.

EMORY

This is not a dream. If you die, you won't wake up.

CLARA

I don't want professional help.
Professional help to what? To get
brainwashed in becoming part to it all?
I'm not interested in doing it.

EMORY

You need to sober up Clara. You need to
wake up. You cant do this anymore.

CLARA

The right path is wrong. The str8 and
narrow is crooked and winding to
nowhere. You are as sick as I am, you and
all your 'normal' people.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I don't want to wonder about a greater
than me. I don't want to yearn every day
every hour every working minute for a
better, for some luxury, for servants for
respect and power like you...
I want to be in 'it' every moment, not only
in a ritual or celebration that says - look,
this is wonderful.
I want to give in to the other side of me,
completely.

EMORY

There is nothing mystic about getting
drunk and shit-faced, is nothing not a
revelation. Its only anger. This way will kill
you soon.

CLARA

Maybe it will just set me free.

EMORY

That's stupid, stop it. You always say that
and you always call me to help you.

Clara hugs Emory all of a sudden. Very very tight.

CLARA

Yes, I am afraid. I am so afraid
(she cries)
Help me get rid of this cowardice fear.

+++

She is drinking heavily, and takes some weird bright color pills.

EMORY

I cannot help you, I cannot enter your being and brake all the bulshit you've constructed. [You need to find him. That one. You know who. The one that started all this. The one that broke away from you.]

*

*

CLARA

I want you, I don't want my creepy past. You are my sister, my mother, my life, my soul. I love you Emory. I love you so much.

EMORY

I love you too...
But only your begining can help you, not me. You need to go beyond all your outmost sensitive, it might terrify you. But you have to do it all.

Clara takes a step back and wipes her face as to come back to reality a little bit. She falls so easily into the emotional swirls.

CLARA

Help me, you help me as you did before. Please.

EMORY

This is the last time. [I will cleans you but you need to go and find yourself.]

*

*

CLARA

Oh, maybe but I don't know how, I don't remember, I hope that it - it - that myslef forgotten - will remember me.

*

*

*

EMORY

Yes,, he will.

*

CLARA

Then, I feel I know him.

She smiles as joking.

*

5 INT. DARK BATHROOM. NIGHT

5

Nuku is under water in a red water. He killed himself the 5th time.

[written on the screen - 5th suicide]

Near the bathtub is Mare. A dirty naked animalic woman. She takes him out of the water and puts him beside it. She brings him back to life. She is his life.

*

*

6 **WALL SCENE**

6

Clara is facing a brick wall. She gets as close as possible to it. She closes her eyes. The sound around her becomes more and more acute and encompassing.

Emory comes close to Clara and takes her own clothes off.

*

Emory puts her hands on Clara's eyes and comes close and embraces her.

*

EMORY

*

I cant make you human. Human is a
malformation. But I can set you free. I see
in you a power that is needed in the
organ of the world. But do you want it?

CLARA

I just want to be normal again.

Emory puts Clara down, taking her by her head and eys.

*

EMORY

*

Lie here.

Emory puts a necklace around her neck, that falls between her breasts. It
looks like something alive, out of the inside of an animal, or an animal in itself,
a flat worm of some kind.

*

Clara is on the ground. Emory comes close to her.

*

EMORY (CONT'D)

*

Tell me your first remembrance.

CLARA

babling

*

EMORY

*

What do you remember before that.

CLARA

babling

*

EMORY

*

What happened before?

CLARA

babling

*

Clara with each question get more and more elementary until sounds and
weird anorganic sounds.

Emory opens or cuts open (depending on the costume) Clara's clothes and makes a long opening along the whole body, with her bare hands she starts touching her body, like looking for something inside. She finds a soft spot and pushes with her hands, deeper and deeper like entering the body. Blood starts gushing out of Clara's abdomen. Emory takes out of Clara's body pieces of guts and flesh and treats them so very gently as something very sensitive and precious that can die in any moment. Emory puts the pieces in a bowl that is next to her.

Out of her mouth she spills a white liquid, all over Clara's body and she spreads it gently and like trying to bring every part of the body to life. Almost erotic.

Clara's body begins to move like taking something out of the body, bit by bit out of her pussy starts to pur blood. Emory is like helping the blood out and playing with it. She puts his hand inside her pussy and takes out a long red thread.

She puts the Thread around Clara's hand, she too has on her left hand a long long thread made by pieces tied together.

Emory sprinkles golden glitter all over Clara's white body that still breathes deep and accelerated. Like circulating something inside, like eliberating an empty space inside.

Emory puts the necklace in the guts bowl. The necklace moves, the necklace eats the guts and then it becomes light, powerful blinding light that covers Clara and Emory. Emory closes her eyes with a serene smile.

EMORY

It is accomplished.

7 AT THE WINDOW

7

They are both after the ritual. With a jar with clean dried golden guts inside. Clara looks at the jar.

CLARA

What is this? Is it from me? Out of my body?

EMORY

Yes

CLARA

What is it?

EMORY

How do you feel?

CLARA

I feel, I feel as I've never felt myself before. Like there is someone new inside.

*

Clara still looks in the golden jar. Scared. Like what she feels and is, is some kind of lobotomy. Clara hugs Emory filled with passion and love.

*

CLARA (CONT'D)

What did you do to me?

EMORY

That is your soul.

*

CLARA

What?

EMORY

Your soul traps you in it. So it needs to be taken out.

*

CLARA

You're crazy. What have you done to me?

*

EMORY

It is the lost time. So I did the lost thing.

*

*

CLARA

You've killed me?

*

*

EMORY

Do you feel dead?

*

*

CLARA

I feel good... clean... so filled with love... and also so ashamed. I don't deserve this.

*

EMORY

Why? There is no question of merit. It is simple. All people should feel like this from time to time. But all this is only temporary.

*

You're soul has already started to grow back. It will trap you again.

*

CLARA

I feel such trust in you. I believe all that you say. I feel that all you do is good for me. Why?

*

Why can't I doubt you, its weird for me, I've never felt that for anyone. I'm not use to being so open.

*

You did something to me.

EMORY

No. When we have no soul, we can see each other better.

*

*

*

CLARA
(her face lightens)
Yeah.

EMORY
But you will go back at being what you were.

CLARA
Why? I don't want that.

EMORY
The soul remembers, it will grow in the same way. We are all pure memory.

Clara looks again at the jar.

CLARA
Its nice... But I don't think I will be able to escape a second time. I've always thought myself super super lucky to be alive. Maybe I will just become normal.

EMORY
You are more than normal. You have golden blood. And those like you are always disturbed by the normal. That is why you can't cope, that is why you go extreme, that is why you become destructive. You have too much power.

EMORY (CONT'D)
But you are incomplete, you need **to find your male side**... and become him, both as male and Clara so I can free you.

CLARA
I am not female. I am not crazy.

EMORY
But you are.

CLARA
No... You are my male side. I want you to be me.

EMORY
Is only a desire. Its not your core.

CLARA
Are you afraid?

Emory....

CLARA (CONT'D)

I knew you before... from nowhere - we knew each other - we've meet so many times - you are my brother - you are my sister.

EMORY

This is your first time, I have many brothers and sisters.

CLARA

Be one for me.

EMORY

I can't. You need your male side. Who is it.

CLARA

I dont know, I fucked and loved so many people.

EMORY

Close your eyes.

Emory puts her hand again on Clara's eyes and head.

EMORY (CONT'D)

When I say Clara you know who your male side is. What do you see.

CLARA

.... [I know who is it, but I cannot say it to you. I cannot say to myself either. I will just refuse to utter his name his function his relation with me. I don't want to see him, not even in my mind. Yes, he is my begining]

*

8 NUKU

8

On a high plane roof of an abandoned factory, Nuku stands at its edge contemplating the horizon. It is a red dawn of the day. He smiles. And he lets his body relax and fall down.

His face is on the ground, his head filled with blood. His eyes open looking as before to the sky. FADE TO BLACK

Nuku suddenly breaths in on the ground in the pool of blood. Mare that was kneeling down at a distance like a black dog waiting her master, comes towards him concerned and in a hurry to help him. She embraces Nuku and Nuku bursts in tears and cries a hysterical cry, all the hopelessness coming out of him.

9 **THE CITY**

9

We see the city. A slow piano music, [Haydn Sonata 33]

10 **EXT. STREET CROSSING. EVENING**

10

*

Clara is on the sidewalk waiting for the light to change. On the other side is Nuku, still not feeling well after the drop. Still confused. Mare is near him but like they are not together, like she is a stranger.

*

*

*

Clara looks at him and Nuku looks at her, they cross each other and Clara reaches out and takes Nuku's hand as they pass each other. Mare sees it.

*

*

Nuku refuses somehow to acknowledge the touch. Like there was no Clara on the street at all.

*

*

Cara looks back and meets Mare's look back.

*

11 **EXT. BUS STATION. EVENING**

11

In a farrel bus station almost out of the city, an old crapy bus is pulling at the station.

*

Clara is in the bus between people heavily dressed. Is cold outside. Everything is gray. The bus stops at a station in wilderness. She sees him as she gets down from the bus. She recognize him and gets close to him.

Nuku is a little scared by her coming close to him. He doesn't know her. It is not normal. Something like this is very suspicious. He is always very scared. Mare looks at them from the distance.

*

Nuku gives her a piece of paper.

*

12 **INT. DARK STREETS. NIGHT**

12

Clara walks through gangs and small cloustrophobic streets, old houses, tight fit together. She reaces a great bulevard and crosses it away from the crossing. She is facing a small weird entrance on a gang with a Night Club entrance, she opens a door and starts climbing on a narrow stairs to the second floor, through narrow halways to a white door at the last floor.

13 **INT. DARK ROOM. NIGHT**

13

From the dark inside the room, we see the door open and Clara coming in. The door closes, the light doesn't work.

CLARA

Are you here?

NUKU

Yes, let me get some light.

CLARA
No... Lets stay like this.

NUKU
The light doesn't work ~~anyway~~.

CLARA
Nice.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What is this apartment? [the space, the furniture, the mood is soo overwhelminlgy magic]

NUKU
I don't know

CLARA
Is it yours? [did you create this amazing world in here?]

NUKU
No.

CLARA
How did you get in?

NUKU
It was open.

CLARA
Who is the owner?

CLARA (CONT'D)
Don't you think he will be back soon?

NUKU
No.

CLARA
I hope he comes, I hope he'll find us in here. :) ... that would be amazing... lets wait for her.

NUKU
There is no owner. [is dead]

CLARA
How do you know?...
No, I don't think so. [the owner is still here]

Clara enters the dark living-room and fades away in the dark.

Nuku looks at her, not knowing what is going on. Who is she, how can a girl do this. How can she be so no scared. So confident. If she does it, what kind of past she has, what kind of life and history she has. She maybe is a human hunter. His mission is to find her weakness. To get het to open her wounds.

He sits in the door frame looking at her, afraid to enter. She already took over the room. Is her cage, is her land now. He must be invited in.

CLARA (CONT'D)

[about the dark room]

Heeiitiii... it feels so goood.

[continues about the owner]

How would you react if you would find two naked people in your house.

Complete strangers.

NUKU

Are you a ~~hunter~~?

CLARA

A what?

NUKU

A human that hunts humans?

CLARA

I never heard about it, but it sounds very interesting.

She enjoys her feeling. Her openness in the darkness.

NUKU

Are you?

CLARA

Are you scared of me?

NUKU

You are so 'naked'. Something is not right. Only ~~whores~~ can do this.

Her openness and lack of fear is as threatening as any act of violence.

CLARA

Your mind is a ~~whore~~...

Did you brought others here?

NUKU

Yes

CLARA

~~Whores?~~

NUKU

Strangers... Every time with someone else
is so strange.

CLARA

Strange people?

NUKU

No, normal people, but is like something
happens to them when they enter here.

CLARA

Something happens to you too.
With the light on?

NUKU

I tried to fix them once but it didn't work.

[there are candles and flashlights in the house if needed]

CLARA

Maybe the 'owner' wants darkness.

[if the owner is dead - his ghost might be around wanting to have fun -
wanting to accomplish a mission]

NUKU

No.

CLARA

You are not paying attention enough.

Nuku pauses for a while, he thinks that maybe he made a mistake, maybe she
is just crazy. Although she doesn't look like one.

Maybe he will find more about her insanity. And there is nothing to be stolen
either from him or this apartment.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I love these lonely secret apartments.
Nobody lives in them. There are perfect
empty places for empty encounters.

[like a love hotel - for ecstatic encounters]

NUKU

How does it make you feel?

*

CLARA

You?

*

NUKU

This place...

*

CLARA

*

A little fear I guess. Normal. Dark. Infinite.
Abandoned.
You?

NUKU

*

(she is lying)
I feel free - I feel open,
you should fight your fear, fear is not
normal -
do you want me to help you?

CLARA

*

How?

Clara comes into the light and disappears into darkness. Her moves, her dance, is like a joyous floating into this infinite dark space.

NUKU (V.O.)

*

It's all about being afraid to feel. Feel
fear, feel shame, feel defenselessness, feel
entrapment, feel sickness, feel joy,
attraction, excitement, feel letting go in
front of pleasure.
But feel them in darkness, in obscurity, so
that you will be free of guilt and
judgment.
The real is one, the inner is completely
other.

*

Porn and Pious.

Clara recognizes him again, she feels him again connected to her childhood.
To all her images of despair and loss. To all the pain and will to come back to
the world.

NUKU

*

Don't be ashamed to feel. Anything. Don't
get yourself censured by judgment.

CLARA

*

Can you do it?

NUKU

*

No. Not yet. I am trying, fighting the real.
The unreal.

CLARA

*

So how can you help me?

NUKU

*

Me... helping you...
(she smiles - he is her rapist)
(MORE)

NUKU (CONT'D)

Getting rid of fear... fear of me...

(she smiles)

No... Maybe I can't really help you.

*

CLARA

*

Can I help you somehow?

NUKU

*

You....?

CLARA

*

I don't know, why not? This place is magic, isn't it?

NUKU

*

(lost in her thoughts)

No. [its not magic] No you cannot help.

*

There is silence. Clara imagines why she is here. What she wants and how hard is to pretend. To play this innocent game. From the first glimpse of him in the bus station she felt the soothing feeling of the answer to the biggest and oldest pain in herself. All the faults in her failed life were aimed at that broken soul. Sawn together by clumsy hands.

That dirty sawn soul.

Nuku enters the room and sits somewhere near Clara.

NUKU (CONT'D)

Have you ever felt you've failed, all, yourself? [life.]

CLARA

(she hopes but doesn't believe herself)

Yes.

*

NUKU

What did you wanted to be? What were you destined for?

CLARA

For a long time I felt I was born to be an ORACLE but I never got close. Why do they give us this stupid high peaks?

NUKU

Suffering. [to suffer]

CLARA

Did you ever wanted to be the all positive good HERO?

NUKU

Of course.

CLARA

How did you fail?

NUKU

I guess I was much more interested about my own feelings. For a long time I didn't know I existed, I thought I am the pupil, the sportive, the worker, the husband, the father - never ever did I knew I exist.

CLARA

Did you find out?

NUKU

(he smiles - maybe)

I was lucky enough to fail. To fail at everything and not be upset by it. And with each fail I found out nothing happened. I still existed. I was not able to die. And that made me happy.

CLARA

Do you like to die?

NUKU

It still scares me, It's still ecstatic, I am happy to die, I am in love with death.

[overwhelming light then dark again - brightness in postproduction]

NUKU (CONT'D)

But it never happened again. Now it gives me only that nice small sublime short peacefulness.

CLARA

This is why you stay in darkness?

NUKU

No... but maybe this is why I found this place.

CLARA

It is so weird, [you are a violent rapist. You thrive in violence] I find you completely harmless... [i really like you and this place] and I should fear you or be angry with you. You are so changed. I know you!

NUKU

What?

His first thought and fear is that maybe he knows him because she was here before, and that is not good, or maybe someone told her where to find him and what he does, and that is not good either. That kills all his work, all his hidden healing mission.

And even deeper than that, hidden even to himself, he is the rapist, like a Dr Jekyll and Mr Hide.

CLARA

I remembered your face in the bus station. I could sense your ~~disgusting~~ smell. Your ~~horrible~~ taste.

NUKU

From where?

CLARA

I am sorry...
I didn't want to tell you. But I can't hold it in. I wanted to see how it feels to know something that you don't. To know something about you that completely changes who you want to be. I wanted to see your reaction and change when I tell you, and I wanted to make you feel it. To kill that peaceful normal you. To brake you free.

NUKU

What do you know? [It scares me]

CLARA

Do you remember a little girl.

NUKU

What?

CLARA

Do you remember?

NUKU

A little girl?

CLARA

You were 19.

NUKU

19?

CLARA
Do you remember a little Clara?

Nuku can't answer anything. He ask himself again why is she here. He hoped that their encounter would be weird but what is this direction it takes?

CLARA (CONT'D)
Do you remember the fucking? Do you remember the pain?

CLARA (CONT'D)
The silence?

14 **INT. DARK ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

14

They both sit on the bed, in the dark. Spending time.

CLARA
You cant lie to me, I am that girl, I know you, don't you recognize me? At all?

NUKU
No

CLARA
I was thinking that every time you meet a girl named CLARA, you would run away, or be very scared not to see her, not to be seen by her.

[we see pictures with them both - she at 14yo, him at 19yo]

Although Nuku didn't raped her. He acts as being her rapist, because that way he has an immediate relation with her. And in the same time it is a challenge for him, because he becomes someone that he is afraid to be, hates to be, that if in normal life he would be angry to be told he is a rapist, he would fight to convince the others he is innocent, that he is a good person.

But now this girl wants a rapist, she needs that man that in her childhood fucked her and changed her life. And she is convinced he is the one. Danger and Pleasure and Unknown makes him act his rapist part.

It is the thing, the root problem he was looking for.

NUKU
I am scared and I was scared when I saw you, But I don't know why.

15 **EXT. BUS STATION. DAY**

15

[insert scene when he tells her in the bus stop]

NUKU

Do I know you from somewhere? I feel
you soo soo familiar, like my mother, like
my wife.

CLARA

No, I don't think so, sorry. There are a few
girls out there that look and feel just like
me. Maybe is one of them. We are all the
same, only our memories differ.

NUKU

Is your name Clara?

CLARA

No... Who is she?

NUKU

My demon.

Clara bursts into tears like a great God-hand that has been set on her and
opened the skies. She feels all of her exposed to the truth an dlight of the
world. Just for a fraction of a second. All ther rest are tears and the
remembrance of bliss.

*
*
*
*

CLARA (V.O.)

You should've remembered, it would have
been so interesting. Have you ever
imagined meeting me?

*
*
*
*

16 INT. DARK ROOM. CONTINUED

16

NUKU

(he is lying)

Yes

*

CLARA

Tell me. Stop fearing your shame. Your
guilt. [I can help you now.] I have no soul.

*

NUKU

(he is lying)

No... [silence - he thinks about what to
say, he has to say something]
I love you so much, since then. And I fear
you, I dread you [the most]. I always
imagine holding your dead body, your
serene soft pure body. With you trapped
inside your eyes.

(MORE)

NUKU (CONT'D)

[completely gone inside yourself, alive
but all under my will - and I am still
scared so so much - that you will move,
that you will wake up - I would die if you
wake up]

CLARA

I would love to feel your fear. And you to
feel mine. To make a sculpture of fears.
Our fears to be alive, moving us, aliving
us, like another living being inside.

NUKU

I want it to be normal. Everything to be
normal. No shame. No fear. I never knew
fear until we met.

CLARA

Until you broke me.

NUKU

What do you want? Revenge? Do you
want to kill me?

CLARA

No.

[the materialisation of fears - is Mare]

17 **INT. DARK BED. NIGHT**

17

We see them having sex, both naked, Nuku on top of her almost covering her
with all. Absorbed in him. No movement.

We hear Clara's voice telling the story of the rape.

18 **OMITTED**

18 *

19 **INT. DARK BED. NIGHT**

19

+ Clara VO while we see them together just looking around.

Nuku listens to her amazed, freed by the fact that she is not upset, by the fact
that she uses that event to understand better the world. Is not a trauma, is
not a punishable deed, is not a crazy shameful event. He really did kinda
good.

20 **INT. COMPLETE DARKNESS. NIGHT**

20

And we see the lose sawn dirty soul hanging in the dark. Being pushed by
something. Breaking but giving birth to a monster. The Mare.

21 INT. DARK BED. NIGHT

21

CLARA

I was 11, and he was just 14. He knew me. He knew my parents. He knew my aunts. He knew my dolls. So he opened my trousers, and felt me, and he put his fingers up inside me, up inside my self, deep through both wholes, he played in me as in a toy. I was paralysed by the new sensations. I heard something breaking. What was happening? [I was like in an chirurgical operation.] Someone modifying my soul. Entering my soul and braking it so painfully open. It got cold. It got trashed. It got broken and sawed back and wrongly together.

....

I was happy until he raped me. But since then my eyes opened to another kind of world. The world was no more only light, magic, amazing, beautiful, mommy, daddy, toys and milk, now it had people inside it. Weird, willful beings. Crazy beings that interweave one with another in malforming ways. It is a people world, not dolls, not dreams, not realms of fantasy, people are hard core beings. Deep, dangerous, painful, crazy, filled with blood ready to spill it on you. Raping me over and over helped me so much. Made me be careful with all people. Made me feel my soul. My wound. My Plastic.

We see Clara under Nuku, far away in the bed. Looking up. Him over her. No movemnt. She speaks, like making love to a past ghost. Like he is in her imagination, gripping her, trying to become her, to replace what she is.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I understood with you, that people have another person hidden inside them, and without knowing how or when, that person appears, and in its wildness, can brake anything in its path. That inner person is almost all the time crazy and destructive. A demon.

Nuku come off her and lays near her. He looks at her.

NUKU

A Mare..... How is yours?

CLARA

Mine... [I never thought about it.]

NUKU

Take it out.

CLARA

What?

NUKU

Take your Mare out and watch what happens. My animal and yours tangled. Lets see what changed since we were children.

CLARA

No.

Silence she gets up from the bed and disappears in the darkness.

*

Nuku is alone in the bed.

NUKU

Where are you?

NUKU (CONT'D)

You hide from what?

NUKU (CONT'D)

Darkness wont make you dissapear.

In the darkness, almost not seen. In the last shadows of color, Clara speaks for herself.

CLARA

I am the daemon. [You killed Clara]

*

*

CLARA (CONT'D)

Let me smell your skin. Let me feel it in mine.

Nuku looks after her but she is nowhere. He gets up and wonders through the room to find her.

NUKU

Where you here?

She comes out of the darkness and.... appears dressed as before the moments they had sex.

She grabs his skin as if it will ooze something magic and intense. She smells his back and caress him very hard. Like trying to enter through it somehow.

CLARA
It is so disgusting.

Clara gets away from him in a far away corner of the room. Disgusted by what she does and by the smell and taste and view of Nuku. She smells herself. She grabs herself as she grabbed him.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Is like chemotherapy. It makes me throw up. All my body is revolting, wants to run away. But you have to do it. Even if it is poison maybe... maybe it will take away some of the pain.

She goes back to him. She takes him in her arms. Nuku is dressed as well as before.

CLARA (CONT'D)
I am scared.

*

NUKU
I am too.

CLARA
I feel in danger [of being raped.] [with you]

*

Nuku take her face in his hands. Very hard and tight.

CLARA (CONT'D)
... [of course] I fear you. You are the stranger. The outer.

*

NUKU
What is fear?

*

CLARA
I don't know.

*

*

NUKU
What is your demon?

*

*

CLARA
I don't know.

*

*

Nuku touches her, smelling her.

*

NUKU
What is this amazing feeling that you give me?

*

*

*

CLARA

Is the feeling of a massacre... a massacre
on a big big field in winter. Bodies
everywhere bleeding in snow.
And all you can feel inside, me as a
woman, is that life has really no value. Is
that feeling... coping with a disaster, an
eternal winter.

*
*

[photos - videos with Awshwitz bodies moved around]

22 **EXT. OPEN INDUSTRIAL PLATFORM WHITE. DAY**

22

Clara and Nuku are on a white winter empty field. Dressed as in the room.

CLARA

All this carnage is so well motivated. The
good of the many is above any human's
pain, sorrow, fear, trauma, I can treat you
as an object.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Is like the invention of God. Is amazing to
be able to be a pure object, a pure body.
Detached from you animal skin.

NUKU

... upon this field float all the wondrous
consciousness of the dead lying corpses.
Demons floating free in the cold winds...

*

[back in the dark]

*

NUKU (CONT'D)

Do you want to be pure?

*

*

CLARA

Yes

*

*

23 **INT. DARK ROOM. NIGHT**

23

*

Silence, Nuku and Clara are still embraced.

NUKU

Let me be a pure body. A pure demon?

*

CLARA

Yes

*

NUKU

It will change you. It will be chaos for you.

*

CLARA

*

Yes.

*

Nuku disappears in the dark. Clara gets close to him and finds him in front of a enormous cupboard. Nuku opens the door of the wall like cupboard.

Nuku takes out of a big cupboard a small naked woman blindfolded that keeps on staying on her knees facing the wall in front of her. She is calm and obedient, and out of it. She seems to pay no attention what so ever to what is happening. She has two bloody wires coming out of her mouth down to her pubic area, maybe longer and is blindfolded with a leather mask similar to those of the Mongolian hunting eagles.

*

[these are the wires with which the soul is sawn]

He gets Mare out to show it to Clara. To make her see the carcass - they were talking about - what do you know about her sacrifice.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Who is she. [this is really crazy]

NUKU

A pure body.

*

NUKU (CONT'D)

*

She is my wife. She was my wife.
Do you believe me?

CLARA

No. You are just crazy.

Clara is really scared but more that scared she is fascinated. Although the cruelty hurts her, she thinks that if already it has been done, she can look at her. She can study her.

NUKU

You don't believe me?... if you don't
believe me... then I don't believe it either.

Mare sits there with her mask on, naked, with the red wires coming down from under her mask.

Nuku is around Mare. Around her like presenting his pet. Mare is soft and obeying. She has her mask on. That keeps her 'inside'.

NUKU (CONT'D)

Do you have children?

CLARA

Please I am scared...

NUKU

Tell me, do you have children?

CLARA
Well... no, not mine...

NUKU
That is why you are still afraid of the world. You haven't yet bare a child inside. You didn't yet gave birth, You didn't use your breasts to feed them. After you do it, the child kills the sanctity of your womanhood. Violence becomes desired, needed. To somehow fill the space that the sanctity of your child had in your utero. In your vagina.

Nuku grabs Mare and pulls her by her pussy, showing it to Clara. Rape becomes desired.

CLARA
I am afraid of children...

NUKU
She lost two babies.

CLARA
...

NUKU
She feels now as a living wound. She changed. Now she believes herself to be already dead. Her biological destiny, her last last chance to find a meaning is gone.

CLARA
The need to prove she is a mother, not a whore.
And now she is only a whore.

NUKU
The need to prove she is a mother not a whore.
Yes.
An unwilling whore. A chaste whore. She fights her own destiny. She is a saint. A mystic, a saint, burning inside. She will help you.

CLARA
She was raped by her unborn children....
Transformed in a carcass.

NUKU

Yes. And she can fill herself with you. She can become your holder. She can steel your soul.

Clara snaps out of it. Back into the street real mood - this is appalling - this is inhuman - this is crazy and it has to be stopped.

CLARA

No she is not. She is a woman. You are sick. You are demented. Why did you do this to her?

NUKU

She is not human anymore. A carcass. She is absorbed in her [conviction that she is] demon.

Clara takes the girl, not caring too much for Nuku anymore, she wants to get her out and herself as well. At Clara's touch Mare ... away, she feels weird being touched by a foreign person, Mare reaches for Nuku she needs his recognizable smell and feeling.

CLARA

She is not well. Is she really your wife?

NUKU

She will not come with you. [She obeys me.]

CLARA

Is she really your wife?

Mare turns to Nuku, smells him, and wants to get close to him.

NUKU

Why are you here? Did you forget?

CLARA

Laughs so short - Yes

The Mare is just attentive to Nuku. Wants to get close to him but Clara holds her near. Mare is forcing bit by bit, more and more.

Then Clara takes her head in her arms and spits in Mare's open mouth - an act to create the master of oneself - spitting in one's own mouth - the more she spits the more Mare calms down - weakening her grip on Nuku.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Hei!! Hei!!
[try to get the attention of Mare]

NUKU

Her animal is free. She can't even fight it.
She only can do what she drives. The
mask is all that lies between her purity
and our dirt.

CLARA

(to Mare)

Hei, what is your name, what is your
name? Tell me your name!

NUKU

I am her owner. I am her God. It doesn't
matter what you give her. I can't die. She
obeys me. If you want her, let her kill you
and maybe that way she will honor you.

CLARA

(to Nuku)

You are insane. You are the demon. She
is only human. She is a normal girl.

NUKU

Then why do you spell her? I don't want
to fight with you. You can do whatever
you want to her. [I want you to fulfill your
presence here.] Why are you here?

CLARA

Is impossible now. But it was possible
then. Why did you got her out?

Nobody answers, Nuku wants to listen to the silence, want to get Clara back
in the room than in her mind and thoughts.

There is a long silence, a long reach for the matter all around them.

NUKU

Mare will help. She always helps. She is a
portal from another world. From a place
we can't think of. She is a force of
understanding.

CLARA

She is human.

NUKU

If so. She is insane. Handicapped. Need an
asylum and medicine.

CLARA

Yes. She needs care and love.

NUKU

She is the Oracle. She is You. And she needs to be free.

Clara cries. She feels she has no power over him in this combination with the Mare. His power derives from Mare and so he will never let her go. Clara feels so much pity and love for Mare. She wants to make her a person again. But she has no hope for it. She lets Mare free and she goes to Nuku. Mare puts her mouth around Nuku's soft cock. This make Nuku feel even more powerful. Clara even weaker.

She looks at them as looking to a hopeless decapitation of a innocent.

CLARA

Let me take her out of here. Please.

NUKU

Why are you here? She is pure noe. This is how purity looks like. Do you want this?.

*
*
*

CLARA (MUTED)

I need it.

*

24 **EXT. COMPLETE DARKNESS [OUTSKIRTS BUCHAREST]. NIGHT**

24

Mare sitting on Nuku's chest in a high grass, both naked.

/Clara is sitting naked kneeling side by side with Mare. Blind folded like a hunting eagle.

/Nuku is sitting relaxed looking in the darkness. After a while he turns and comes close to the two girls, blindfolded and kneeling. Gets close to Clara's ear and whispers to her.

CUT BACK TO:

25 **INT. DARK ROOM. CONTINUOUS**

25

Matching shot as before in scene 15.

CLARA

I want to be raped again.

NUKU

By me?

CLARA

By you, my rapist, my killer. I know you and I want to be punished again by you. [But this time with my permission]

NUKU

It is me who is insane? It will not fix anything inside you.

CLARA

I don't care. I don't want to fix. I want to brake.

NUKU

But that will not fix anything. Nobody knows what will happen. Look at Mare. Do you want to become a demon. Obsessed, wrathful and addicted [on some crazy little thing, that will just put you in a crave wheel.] Never satisfied, never awake, never free. [That is what she was before becoming human].

CLARA

What am I.

[reverse of a Tarot card]

NUKU

I don't know.

CLARA

Tell me. Don't hide it from me. She didn't wanted to be evil. What did she wanted?

NUKU

I don't know. Only Mare can tell you that.

Clara takes Mare away from Nuku's cock and wants to talk to her.

Clara takes Mare's mask off - her face is written all over.

Mare's eyes - are evil eyes - red red inflamed blue eyes - Clara gets caught in them - tangled in their force. *

Tears drop on Clara's face without her crying. IS the evil eye effect - also Clara will find some small faded green/purple bruises - evil eye effect.

CLARA

(to Mare)

You tell me, I will become like you. What is happening to you. What is going on inside. What do you see. What do you feel? Where are you?

Mare runs away in the dark.

CLARA (CONT'D)
 (to Nuku)
 Then tell me what did she want?

NUKU
 I never raped you. I don't know you. I just said I was the guy you are looking for - to help you. I thought you wanted to kill me, to take revenge, not be raped again.

CLARA
 Help me. [You are my mentor. My priest. My evil eye.]

NUKU
 Kill me.

CLARA
 Kill me!

Clara wipes her tears.

26 **INT. DARK ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

26

Clara and Nuku stay by the window. Clara has red eyes, Nuku is at the border of the light barely being seen.

Mare is nowhere.

CLARA
 (to Mare)
 We are the same.

There is a silhouette over Clara that slides away.

NUKU
 No, no you are not. She has nothing of you.

CLARA
 I feel Mare is mine, and you are nothing more than Mare. I should be an object just like her. I would be more pious, more obscure, more sincere. My consciousness is rotten. I am evil and insane.

NUKU
 I can't help you. It is not me the one that raped you.

CLARA

It doesn't matter what you are anymore,
it only matters what I believe.
Can I kill you? Can I take revenge on you.

NUKU

Yes.

CLARA

I want you to show me.

Nuku enters the light.

NUKU

If I let you kill me, you will become like
Mare.

CLARA

Did she killed you?

NUKU

Yes... but she died instead of me. [she
stole my death]

Nuku is shadowed by the Silhouette of Mare. The Silhouette slides away and
becomes the overlay shadow on Clara.

CLARA

Let me do it - I am an Oracle. Killing
someone can save me, can make me
understand better what life is - let me kill
you again and again until I understand.

NUKU

No, that is just violence - you will not
understand what life is, life doesn't exist
to understand.

[when two people meet - it will always end up in murder]

[a flame breaks open lighting Mare's face and red eyes]

+ color

Mare jumps at Clara and brakes her clothes off and punches her in the chest.
Hits her to kill her. Every hit seams to be a fatal wound - Clara thinks each
time that Mare will kill her. Hits her to enter her soul, to steal her heart.

+ slow motion

NUKU (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Life is violence, pure violence nothing but violence - you thought me that when we were children - freedom is violence - is all an intolerable pain and kill.

NUKU (CONT'D)

That is why we are here - to fight - to look at death in its dark eyes.

MARE

I am here to exist [outside reality.]

NUKU (V.O.)

There is no outside - all of it, no matter as crazy, is all real - is Mare not real? Is her void, not real? Is my memory not real?

Nuku puts the light off - and takes Mare off Clara - Mare is now semi-conscious - Nuku puts her the blindfold on.

CLARA (V.O.)

My reality is gone. The world does not exist. We have nothing.

Clara is beaten very bad. Her face is all swollen and bloody and bruised. She is tired. She is scared.

FADE OUT:

27 INT. DARK ROOM. NIGHT

27

Clara has Mare blindfolded near her, she caress her hair, she hold Mare in her arms. Clara is beaten and bruised and tired and in pain. Her clothes are torn.

CLARA

The world is against people like us.
[objects]

NUKU

Yes it is.

CLARA

I despise it more and more [in its core structure].

NUKU

You should fight to become more human, better, wealthier, respected, a leader, a wise man. Not an object, not a Mare. You are not even an instrument, but an useless object without purpose.

CLARA

Yes. But there is wisdom in silence.[of an object]

NUKU

Am I your Demon?
I stole your soul. What should I do with it?
What does one with a stolen soul? What
does one with two souls inside one body?

CLARA

How do you feel, how do you know you
have more than one soul? I don't even
know I have one. I don't even believe in
the existence of the soul.

28 **EXT. SWAMP. NIGHT**

28

[top shot - Nuku alone staring to the sky - in big thick grass or mud or a swamp]

[something like an animal comes near him and bites from him - we can see the raw bloody meat coming broken from him - is Mare - then sits on him like a mare]

29 **INT. DARK ROOM. CONTINUED**

29

CLARA

I can't change that easy. I get so
frightened so defensive.

[at a time the image goes negative - black becomes white - or some effect like that - or shoot by day and invert it to be white-black - so it will be a strange night - the reverse of the reverse]

CLARA (CONT'D)

I need something powerful. I need an
explosion, I need something to destroy
me from the roots. I can't do it like you.
How long do you have her like this?

NUKU

2 years.

CLARA

And?

NUKU

Is still changing, still becoming. Still
refurbishing each day. There are some
memories and some instincts that pull me
back but they become less and less
present.

CLARA
You are so powerful.

NUKU
No I am not.

CLARA
You can keep pressure for so long. I
can't. I need to be forced. Forced with
my will.

NUKU
You will not want it.

CLARA
It feels so empowering to dilute all, inside
your soul.

NUKU
Liquefy...

CLARA
It is so strange that we need so much
training to become Plastic. To become
quiet and willing. Understanding and
Liquefying.
The trees do it so beautifully, the
electronics, our tools and instruments,
even our pets.
Why is it that hard for us?

NUKU
We are humans. We are afraid.

Clara is still bloody and wounded from Mares beating.

FADE TO BLACK:

30 **INT. DARK ROOM. LATER**

30

Clara is on the bed. Nuku is opening the buttons of her blouse. Her blood and
wounds are all over her face and chest.

Mare is in a corner without her blindfold on. Is dark so she lies almost
peaceful, naked with her red wires coming out of her mouth.

A flashlight is turned on and lights softly like a lamp.

CLARA
I have to go. I can't do this.

NUKU

Do you feel it [the fear]. It's beginning.

Nuku doesn't stop.

NUKU (CONT'D)

Its ok. Let go. I will keep you here.

CLARA

No. Let me go.

Nuku holds her firm.

NUKU

You are not leaving. Not until I kill you or you kill me.

CLARA

No. Please, let me go home.

NUKU

And I will not only fuck you. I will put my hand through you as I did when we were little.

Clara wants to get up from the bed.

CLARA

Enough. You make me laugh.

NUKU

Then laugh. I don't care.

Nuku grabs her by the neck and squeezes. Clara's face gets red.

NUKU (CONT'D)

Stay with me. Don't run.

Mare looks at them and very painfully in a dazed pressure, starts to make an eerie sound. Continuous. Monotone. Scary. Unearthly.

NUKU (CONT'D)

I will just hurt you. I will just deepen you more into your pain and meaningless. There is no emptiness. There is no demon. No mare.

NUKU (CONT'D)

Only you, and me, and that insane girl.

Clara turns to Mare scared. Is impossible, Mare is not human anymore, if she would be she should save her. She can't let a person be hurt and trashed as her.

Mare is looking at her with so much hate and her noise is still a breath of blood. But not towards anyone. Towards darkness.

NUKU (CONT'D)

Is only meat here.

He brakes open his grip from her neck. Clara breathes choked. He takes out a knife. He takes his clothes off and masturbates in front of her. Clara breathes heavily. She is dizzy. Confused. Closes her eyes a few times. She turns on her belly and tries to get away from Nuku, but that means she goes in the direction of the Mare. She is pulled away by Nuku.

With his knife he cuts her pants and panties. He spits on his cock and hand and trust Clara suddenly and forcefully.

Clara's body on the bed, her clothes and everything starts to trash with the force and merciless of Nukus trust. Over and over again. Clara feels only acute pain that shoots in her brain and makes her consciousness fade away. Her body starts to shiver as in a fight. But Nuku's grip is hard.

+ light gets higher and higher - to extreme - like a fake painful toxic sunrise

Nuku holds her from behind with the hand gripping deep in her neck and hair.

Mare is so close to Clara's face. She looks at Clara with her red eyes. With her red wires coming out of her mouth.

Nuku comes close to Clara and takes her hard in his arms. They are now all three so close to each other. For him is a very difficult sport. There is no pleasure.

NUKU (CONT'D)

(to Mare)

Help her. Help her please.

Mare looks at them. The light goes off. There is only their black and white shadow now.

Mare comes close to Clara and takes her head in her hands she turns Clara facing upwards. She starts talking into Clara's mouth. Spitting from time to time in her mouth. Nuku is still trusting in Clara.

In the dark 4 more guys appear one by one and go to Clara and begin fucking her all 5 in the same time.

Out of Clara's mouth starts to spill blood. Blood malforming her face. Mare comes between the guys that fuck Clara from all sides and starts writing on her face and on her body with blood.

A red mist scene - Clara and Mare - mare talks peaceful and serene with Clara in another unknown language.

32 INT. DARK ROOM. SUNRISE

32

Mare becomes alone with Clara unconscious on the bed. She raises Clara from the bed in her arms. And puts her on Nuku which now is laying on the bed.

The windows are covered with the dirty skin transparent covering.

33 INT. DARK ROOM. SUNRISE

33

Clara has her eyes closed and two wires coming out of her mouth. She has Nuku's cock inside her. Now she feels it very sweet and beautiful. She moves on him. She enjoys the blissful unity with him. She is in an ecstatic plateau.

+ slow motion

She has, without her knowing Nuku's knife in her left hand. There is light outside the windows. But the windows are covered with a dirty badly sawn covering. Light comes through the seams.

Clara feels the light thorough her closed eyelids and opens her eyes. Her hands are over her head. She wakes up in the middle of stabbing Nuku. She started in her sleep.

She opens her eyes in the same time that she trusts the knife in Nuku. She stabs him 30 times. Both in her sleep, and in her wake.

...

Blood squirts on her.

Nuku's face is also covered in blood.

She comes to him and hugs him.

CLARA

We are one.

Nuku's breath stops.

34 INT. DARK ROOM. SUNRISE

34

Nuku is alone laying on the bed. In the day's light.

The windows are uncovered.

Nuku shivers very subtly. And then relaxes. He is alive. He wakes up from the bed and gets up.

35 **EXT. DARK ROOM TERRACE. MORNING**

35

Outside, on the terrace Clara sits covered in all the coverings of the windows near the door, down on the wall. She has around her wrist the red wire from Mare's mouth.

Nuku covered in a blanket comes near her.

CLARA

I can feel this day. Its so wonderful. This light....

Her face is not smiling. She is afraid that if she will enjoy the wonderful feeling in her heart it will all die.

Nuku smiles.

NUKU

Yeah, is beautiful. How far can you feel it?

CLARA

All the way.

Nuku sits beside her.

NUKU

What will you do now?

CLARA

I don't know... the same mistakes I guess.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I wanted to forget... I wanted to change my past.

NUKU

But you changed your future.

CLARA

Who cares about the future [the past hurts me, the past I need to breakthrough]

NUKU

Do you still feel it? [the past pain]

CLARA

It's weird. I remember it but I don't feel anything.

Nuku takes all her protection off and touches her chest - a white circle appears on her skin.

NUKU
Do you feel the air?

CLARA
In white...

NUKU
In you...

Clara remembers all her life - we see pictures with her since she was little - in all off them Clara has the white circle.

Is the purity she always forgot and protected - the white she never thought existed - she thought that her image is her self - her voice - her feeling of herself - she never knew about white.

NUKU (CONT'D)
Remember.

NUKU (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

CLARA
...

NUKU
Where is Mare?

CLARA
Mare?

Clara smiles.

CLARA (CONT'D)
I am pregnant?

NUKU
Is Mare. We need to bring her back.

CLARA
Yeah, that would be so beautiful.

Clara hugs Nuku.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Thank you so much.

NUKU
Thank you [for finding us]

They both sit beside the wall. Smiling. Happy. Filled with empty lightous amazing hope.

NUKU (CONT'D)

I am hungry.

Nuku gets up and goes back in the house.

Clara remains naked with her white circle outside. She feels that any move, each breath, adds and soils the beautiful purity of this morning. Her white circle starts changing shape, starts changing color. Every sound interacts with it changing it. Pictures from the past come back in her mind and change again the perfection of the circle.

Clara is scared, her life starts again.

36 **TAXI**

36

Amala sta pe bancheta din spate a unui taxi. Este o silueta in soarele brutal al amiezei. Desi vorbeste la telefon nu tine telefonul la ureche. Se uita pe fereastra, distanta, intunecata, empty, hopeless.

EMORY OS

L-ai gasit?

CLARA OS

Da, a inebunit complet. E inconjurat de monstrii care il bintuiau dintotdeauna. Nu cred ca mai poate sa iasa de acolo.

EMORY OS

++

CLARA OS

++

EMORY OS

++

FADE IN

Through the car front window, between reflections and lights we see AMALA looking up in front. She doesn't speak. All we hear is off screen.

CLARA

++

EMORY OS

Am crezut ca este mort.

CLARA

Nu nu este. Desi nici viu nu ii poti spune.

EMORY OS

Scuze, stiu ca nu e frumos sa vorbesc asa
despre un om inca in viata. Iarta-ma....
Dar tu, cum te simti, esti mai bine?

*

CLARA

Inca nu stiu. Trebuie mai intii sa ajung
acasa.

EMORY OS

Simti macar, ceva diferit? Mai bine?

CLARA

Nu, inca nu. Ma doare foarte tare capul.
Atit. Dar o sa treaca. Multumesc mult,
trebuie sa inchid acum.

EMORY OS

Da, sigur. Cu orice ai nevoie, eu te ajut
oricind. Oriunde ai fi. Stii nu?

CLARA

Da.... Pa...

EMORY OS

Sa ma suni cind ajungi acasa si te mai
relaxezi :))) te pup.

She is smiling. She takes a pen out from her bag and writes on her hand. "I am here"

NUKU OS

This is not a taxi. This is not your world.
This is our world now.

Nuku is with her in the car. Just for a moment. Just like a feeling of her. And then he disappears leaving her alone.

The taxi glides along the roads between cities. Is getting dark quickly.

Outside flow car.

Clara in the car looks outside the window how objects and patterns and light rhythms back again and again. She feels weird and sees that in her mouth is **blood**. Something from her inside is getting out.

The driver in front seems not to see anything abnormal. From her mouth there is a lot of blood that comes on her clothes, like a wave of blood. She is not scared but more curious and amazed. She surfs the wave of blood on her, the warm blood that comes on her chest and belly.

A small heart comes out of her mouth, she grabs it in her red soiled hands.

She looks outside, all bloody. She hold tenderly the little heart in her hands, not looking at it, only feeling it.

NUKU OS (CONT'D)

Your real life begins now.

CLARA

No it doesnt. My real life is dead. My parents are dead, my husband is dead, my child is dead. My past and my future are gone.

NUKU OS

Yes, you are now again free.

CLARA

No, I am trapped in your world now.